TRIFLES IN VERSE.

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TRIFLES

IN

VERSE.

BY

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Late Curate of Ilminster and Isle Abbots, Somerset.

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DEDICATION.

TO SIR AUBREY de VERE,
BARONET.

SIR,

I HAVE been induced to inscribe (by permission) these little productions with your name, as well from an admiration of your many virtues and distinguished talents, as in consideration of the very friendly interest and attention you were pleased to bestow upon me, when first engaging in such attempts.

765758

I was at that time a stranger (though your hospitality and kind offices did not long allow me to feel myself such) in a land where every thing was strange to me, and experienced not a little of that depression and loneliness which such circumstances are apt to produce. A situation and frame of mind like this is just what Plato has selected as most congenial to poetry. In my case it certainly appeared so. To the cultivation of that delightful art I devoted most of my solitary hours, and in it I found a sovereign antidote to the gloom of my despondence. One of my rude attempts had the fortune to fall under your eye : you condescended to speak of it in terms of commendation

and encouragement. Such language from a person of your known taste and discernment was what (though sufficiently visionary) I had never once dreamt of. It fell like balm upon my youthful spirit: and, though nothing that I have since produced has in any respect realized the hope it inspired in me, it is even yet one of the pleasures of my life to call to mind the soothing sensation of complacency it at the time occasioned.

In dwelling thus upon myself, I may seem, I fear, to have forgotten my subject. Such, however, is far from being the case. It is while recollections like the above are passing through my breast, that I feel the image of your friendship

most vividly and agreeably present with me;—those are the associations which, amid numerous other obligations, most sensibly bind me to you, and under the influence of which I experience at this moment the proudest satisfaction in subscribing myself, honoured Sir, with sincere gratitude and esteem,

Your very obedient,

Humble servant,

William Routledge.

Liverpool, Nov. 1, 1833.

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TRIFLES IN VERSE.

TO MY LYRE.

My dearest lyre, when first I found thee,
A cypress branch was twined around thee;
And, when I swept thy virgin strings,
No gladdening sounds of joy they gave,
But 'twas as when the mermaid sings
A requiem o'er her lover's grave:
A strain so soft, so sad, and holy,
Makes hearts in love with melancholy.

But soon I tore the plant away
That tuned thy first-born song to sadness,
And wreathed thee with a sparkling bay,
To swell thy voice to joy and gladness,

That thou, my lyre, might'st ever be
A lyre of hope and mirth to me.
And many an hour of grief and pain,
  Bereft of all but heaven and thee,
My dearest lyre, thy happy strain
  Hath waked to bliss and ecstacy.

Yet even upon thy merriest mood
A plaintive note would oft intrude,
To tell that though the joy of youth
  Had round thy frame a bay-branch set,
Thy spirit, in unchanging truth,
  Had not forgot the cypress yet:—
Happy, my lyre, if all would prove
As faithful to their first, best love!

But ah! the world is full of friends
  Who fawn upon us for a day,
And when they've gained their private ends
  Spread out their wings and fly away,
Leaving the heart they smiled upon,
To weep its hapless fate alone.

But thou, my lyre, in good or ill,
Hast never parted from my side;
Thy faithful voice is ready still
To soothe my soul, whate'er betide:
And, whether joy or grief be mine,
An answering tone declares it thine.
Let Fortune take her gifts again;
Let youth depart, and cares molest;
Yet, dearest lyre, if thou remain,
I shall not, cannot be unblest.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

—

Comelia, when in time to come
Thine eye shall fall upon this page,
Oh, think whate'er may be thy doom—
My friendship cannot change with age.

'Tis written, and the seal once set,
While my fond heart confirms it true,
Though years have flown since thus we met,
'Twill stand the same as when 'twas new.

Limbs may grow old, and looks turn cold,
Yet, while these characters remain,
The eye that reads will still be told
I love thee—and more words were vain.

Prologue for the anniversary of BURNS'S BIRTHDAY,

Celebrated by the Cumberland Gentlemen resident in London, Jan 25, 1828.

—

Far as we wander from our mountain home,
Where forests darken and where torrents foam,
Where cliff on cliff, in wild confusion cast,
Frowns at the fury of the winter blast,
Where hill and mead in various beauty vie,
And lakes reflect each colour of the sky,—
Sad as we languish, severed wide apart
From every kindred eye and friendly heart,—
One joy is ours, one hope for him that mourns
In cheerless loneliness—the song of Burns.

Dear as the shrine to weary pilgrim's eye,
Sweet as the loved-one's first consenting sigh,
The song of Burns revives our boyish hours,
When life was all one sunny path of flowers;
Recals each native haunt, each well-known trace
Of rustic artlessness and simple grace;
And brings anew the sports, the loves, and pains
Of peaceful shepherds and untravelled swains.
The northern stranger seems again to stand
Amid the scenes of his deserted land,
Sees the dear fields before his eyes extend,
Where every tree and stream appeared a friend;
Lives o'er in thought the happy days of home,
And almost fancies he has ceased to roam.

Oh! breathes there one to whom awakes
in vain
The magic music of that simple strain?
Who feels no tender recollections float
Across his heart, at the familiar note?
Not thee the sordid wretch rejects, sweet
Burns!
His country's land, his father's hearth,
he spurns.

Ye, then, who love the Poet's touching lay,
Approach his shrine, on this auspicious
day;
And, as your souls soft pleasure oft hath
seized,
Oh! think of him who gave you to be
pleased:
Let your charmed lips his matchless praise
prolong,
Let your glad voices celebrate his song;
Till every faculty, and sense, and thought
With the full spirit of the Bard be fraught,

And every heart beneath his influence
melt;—
For Burns is honoured where his power
is felt.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

—

THINE eye is bright, thy brow is clear,
Thy cheeks unsullied by a tear;
But days will come when hope and love
Will move no more as now they move.

Dear Marianne, thy joyous mind
Will then by sad experience find
That leaves drop off from fairy bowers,
And earth has thorns as well as flowers.

Oh! then should I no more be near,
With friendly voice thy heart to cheer,
And should the world with altered eye
Look on, and coldly pass thee by,—
This book will all thy griefs assuage,
And show a friend in every page.

THE EARTHQUAKE

DURING THE BATTLE OF THRASYMENUS.

'Tis morning, and all nature seems
Balmy as youthful poet's dreams,
There's not a sound in that calm air,
No, not a lingering murmur there,

To tell that any living thing
  Beholds the sweetness of the morn;
But all is still, unwhispering,
Even as before mankind was born,
When all the sun yet looked upon
Was earth and his own heaven alone.
There's not a cloud in that pure sky
To spoil the blue tranquillity:
Earth, air, is silent—not a breath
  Calls forth a slumbering echo thence;
'Tis stillness all, yet not of death,
  But of reposing innocence.
The spirit is afraid to breathe,
Amid such calm, above, beneath,
Lest the least sigh of consciousness,
  From heart of living creature stealing,
Should mar the silence of a peace
  Almost too delicate for feeling.

Yet there are breasts, of human frame,
Not even an hour like this can tame,

Beings to whom in vain is given
The silent earth and tranquil heaven,
Who gaze upon the cloudless sky
And know no kindred purity,
Who breathe the morning's gentle airs
And feel no calm within like theirs,
Who taste the stilly evening's mildness,
Nor lose their angry spirit's wildness.

Yes; even now, while all around
Is still and bright as fairy ground,
One sound disturbs the breathless spell
That holds so sweetly earth and air,
One cloud is brooding o'er that dell,
As if to veil the madness there—
Even by that lake of Thrasymene,
Where all beside is one serene,
"Mars brandisheth his fatal shield"
Over the bloody battle-field;
And tribes and nations round are lying,
Beneath the angry war-god dying.

Who could have thought when morning
shone
So gaily on that waveless water,
Before another hour was gone,
Its clearness would be stained with
slaughter?
But hate and wrath their watch were
keeping,
While all the peaceful world was sleep-
ing.
And Punic spear, and Roman dart,
Have pierced through many a noble heart,
Round which a thousand bonds were
tied
Of kindred, home, and child, and wife,
Which, having braved each shock beside,
Are parted now in parting life.

The lake and vale is now one flood
Of crimsoned wave, and reeking blood;
And bodies piled on bodies lie,
In mountain mockery, on the ground,

Rearing their ghastly forms on high,
Meet isles for that red sea around:
Yet Carnage hath not drunk her fill;
Vengeance is half unsated still.
Thick, thick as ever, flies the lance,
And helm is cleft and shield asunder;
And sword and shooting javelin glance
With death, amid that martial thunder;
As if they scorned inglorious rest,
While yet a single hand was left
To wing them on, or yet a breast
Of living foeman to be cleft.—
But, hark!—that sound!—was it in air?
No, not a breath is waking there;
But wherefore ask ye of alarms
Amid such deafening din of arms?—
Another comes!—and yet the heaven
Is clear—again!—the earth is riven
To the very centre, and the sound
Of bursting chasms is lumbering round,
Deep, long, slow, unreverberate,
As if a voice so desolate

Might find no echo ; and a lone
Dark silence tells that land and main
Are all to chaos turned again,
Without a spirit to move thereon.
The sea-birds quit their native wave,
And fly to land with trembling pinion ;
But, ah ! no place is there to save
From stern Destruction's wide dominion :
Hill, valley, stream, are all in motion,
Like their own wildly-warring ocean.
The cattle shudder as they feel
The mountains in their horror reel ;
And madly gaze into the air
For help ; alas ! no help is there ;
Only a cloud, thick, dark, and dun,
Is gathering round the sullen sun.
And men—if be there, whom the strife
Of elements has left in life—
Are hurrying idly to and fro
In all the idiocy of woe ;

Or wildly clinging to the rocks
For safety in those staggering shocks ;
Or seeking on the uncertain tide
A ground of rest—on earth denied.

But where are they, the furious foes
That marred with strife the world's re-
pose,
While all in heaven was bright and gay,
And all at rest on earth, but they ?
Where are they now?—this hour of
fate
May surely quell their deadly hate ;
And teach the proud and wrathful one,
Vengeance belongs to God alone.
But, no ; there's not a spirit there,
For quaking ground, or lowering sky,
Has one brief moment's thought to
spare,
From arms, and death, and victor cry.
A burst of elemental madness
Is heard amid the general gladness ;

And men stop short, and gaze around
To learn from whence proceeds the sound:
But these fight on, unheeding still,
In wrath untamed, untameable.—
Another shock! and rocks are rent
From their eternal settlement:
And rivers, in the mighty wrack
Of nature, leave their ancient track:
Yet the loud clash of spear and shield
Abates not in that bloody field;
But river's rush, and mountain's fall,
Are answered by the warrior's call;
And the wild roar of battle tide
Drowns every living sound beside.

Earth reels again! and cities rock
Beneath the universal shock,
And pass away:—a lurid cloud
Hangs o'er them, like a funeral shroud,
To mark the place where once they stood,
And wrap the spiritless solitude.

Silence again is in the sky,
And flowery fields, of Italy—
Silence as when the sun began
This morn to smile on slumbering man,
And every eye and every breast
Was happy in the bowers of rest.

But who can tell when they shall rise—
Those peaceful breasts, and sleeping eyes?—
For many a heart that slumbered deep
In silent bliss, when day was breaking,
Now sleeps the long unconscious sleep,
Which knows, alas! no earthly waking.

The arching heavens of blue, that furled
A curtain round the dreaming world,
The cheerful sun, the breathless sky,
Gave promise of felicity:
But, ah! the hopes that smile the sweetest
Are oft the falsest and the fleetest;

And this glad morn of loveliest ray
In wreck and ruin has passed away;
And a cold monumental stillness
Falls on the heart with freezing chillness;
For all those joyous scenes so late
Are silent now and desolate.

Yes, all is silent, save the field
Where "MARS IS BRANDISHING HIS SHIELD."
No need of elemental aid
To forward desolation there;
The javelin, and the reeking blade,
Spread far and wide the massacre,
And man falls, in the blood-red van
Of battle, by the hand of man.
While all beside, where peace united
Each hand and heart in mutual ties,
By shocks of struggling nature blighted,
The sky-loved land of Phœbus lies:
As if to those alone t'were given
Whom heaven has loved, to die by heaven.

The fatal hour upon them pressed,
While slumbering in their innocent rest;
And the same shock announced their doom,
And wrapped them in the shroudless tomb.
No funeral dirge sounds through the air,
No banner of mourning o'er them waves;
But the flag and shout of war are there,
And foemen fight for a land of graves.

TO SIR AUBREY AND LADY de VERE.

—

Lone was his soul; no raptures hung
In festive joyance on his tongue:
His home, his heart, was far away,
And no one recked the wanderer's lay:

He sang of grief, but no ear listened;
He sang of hope, and no eye glistened:
Seemed it to him his harp had lost
  The fairy sweetness of its tone;
Or some congealing spell had crossed
  All melting bosoms but his own;
How could his harp, or trembling hand,
Awake the song in a stranger's land;
When his own mountains were not nigh,
To catch the notes in floating by,
And echo back a wild reply?
No mutual spirit whispered peace,
  But the same heart that poured the
    strain
Of grief, was left in loneliness,
  To thrill response to it again.—
Lorn, sooth, his lot, yet not all dim
  His fire; his harp once more he tried,
As if it still could speak to him,
  Though mute to all the world beside.
Long was the strain, and sad, and slow,
It told a tale of war and woe;

How the fierce strife that mortals wage
For empire's mace, or glory's palm,
Is not subdued by Nature's rage,
Is softened not in Nature's calm.
It met the ears of a gentle pair,
A minstrel sweet, and a lady fair:
Oh! minstrels' souls are soft and mild
As their own warbling "wood-notes wild;"
And ladies' smiles are sweeter far
Than the sweet light of evening star:—
They cheered the wanderer on his way,
And listened to his humble lay.
How did his conscious bosom swell,
When deigned they speak his rude harp well,
And bade, its timid notes to raise,
And hope a meed of loftier praise!
Again, I ween, he tuned his lay,
His heart no more was far away;
Brightened his brow with former glee,
He thought not of the stranger's land;

And his eye regained its witchery,
And he struck the strings with happier hand.
Blest, ever blest, be they that smiled
Upon the Muse's lonely child:
May gentle spirits ever keep
Glad vigil o'er them, as they sleep,
And fairy harps, when morn is nigh,
Awake them with their minstrelsy:
Oh! may they dwell in blissful bowers
Woven by love with loveliest flowers:
And dancing fays in sportive ring
Wild wreaths of roses round them fling,
And thus in airy numbers sing:—
"Dear to the Muse are they that cast
A smile upon her wanderer;
For, since they cheered the least and last
Of all her sons, they cherished *her*:
Then ever blest be they that smiled
Upon the Muse's lonely child."

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

—

Not a cloud is seen in the clear blue heaven;
No whispering breeze sings the sun asleep,
As he lays his head on the lap of even,
And gems with his rays the far zone of the deep.

Our ship lies lifeless along the ocean,
Unrepelled by tide, unadvanced by wind;
Her head towards England, her hull, without motion,
Still lingering with those we have left behind.

And there is a calm on all around—
A lonely feeling, unknown save at sea;

Where nought is heard but our footsteps' sound,
Nought seen, between sky and wave, but we.

Yet our thoughts oft wander beyond the zone
Where the circle of all that is visible ends,
And tell of a world beside this our own;
Where our hearts may repose with you, dear friends.

BURNS.

—

"Dare I trouble you to let me know privately before the day of interment, that I may cross the country, and steal among the crowd, to pay a tear to the last sight of my ever-revered benefactor."—*Burns' Letters.*

—

Poor Burns!—he weeps no feigned tear;
There's that within which "passeth show"—
The grief that lives through many a year,
The poignance, not the pomp, of woe:
The pleasing, painful throb we owe
To father, mother, brother gone,
He felt, and hastened to bestow
On him who had been all in one.

'Mid clamorous crowds, unheard, alone,
Behold the humble mourner glide;

His bosom cherishing its own
Sorrow, apart from all beside.—
The solemn pageantry and pride
Of gorgeous grief, and sable woe,
Ah! do they not too often hide
The' unfeeling heart that lurks below?

Sorrow like his but ill can brook
To blazon forth its misery:
'Tis not the downcast lip or look,
The decent tear, or passing sigh;
'Tis the heart sickening secretly,
Which nothing outward can express;
It mourneth slowly, witheringly,
And cannot—will not—mourn the less.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

—

How often is the bosom stirred,
By the first token, look, or word,

Its full regard at once to set
On those we ne'er before had met!
Some secret power, some nameless cause,
We understand not how nor where,
The sympathizing spirit draws
To fix its firm election there;
And one brief hour binds heart to heart,
In ties which only death can part.

And there are those, whose form or face,
But now and then upon us beams,
Who yet possess a constant place
In all our thoughts and all our dreams.
Each little act, each token kind,
Each sound we loved to dwell upon,
Recorded in the faithful mind,
Remains with us, when they are gone,
And every circumstance of life
Is with their imaged presence rife.

TO A SWALLOW,

WHICH I FOUND FLUTTERING ABOUT MY CHAMBER ONE MORNING IN AUGUST.

—

Go, little fluttering, trembling dear,
I cannot pain thy gentle breast:
The sky is bright, thy mates are near,
Go, flee away, and be at rest.

Thou sought'st, all weary and forlorn,
A place to ease thy foot with me;
But found'st, alas! at dawn of morn,
Restraint and bondage there for thee.

And thou didst flap thy little wings,
And dash thy head against the glass,
When thou beheld'st, in airy rings,
Thy happy mates before thee pass.

Full well thou knew'st, or might'st have
known,
To save the helpless and distrest,
Man's mercy is but seldom shown,
Or thou and thine had been more
blest.

And, therefore, little timid dear,
Thy heart beat fast and fearfully,
When thy deliverer drew near
To give thee back to liberty.

Thy fear was vain; for should he mar
One sweet bird's plume, or spoil its
song,
His breast would be more wretched far
Than that which felt the cruel wrong.

He loves ye; and when thou hast gone
To happier climes beyond the sea,
And left thy hapless friend alone,
He'll often wish to be with thee.

Oh! would'st thou here take up thy seat,
I'd nurse thee well and tenderly;
And thou should'st eat of mine own meat,
And drink from the same cup with me.

But, ah! no summer suns would shine,
To brighten and to bless thy stay;
And thy sad heart would lonely pine,
When all thy mates were far away.

Then go—I cannot keep thee here;
It would but pain thy gentle breast.
The sky is bright, thy mates are near,
Go, flee away and be at rest.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

—

Lady, this heart no more is gay,
Nor shines my eye as once it shone,

Then wherefore ask the gladdening lay?
Why look for flowers when spring is gone?

The glen, the lake, the hills beloved,
Where first my rude harp found a voice;
All these are now full far removed,
Oh, how then shall that harp rejoice?

My spirit has no gust for mirth;
No thrill within vain laughter stirs;
Grief threw her shade upon my birth,
And my life's joys have all been hers.

Deem it not strange then that the song
Denies to me its cheering swell,
Or that my verse I not prolong
To one who loves the Muse so well:
I would not dim that eye of thine,
Nor make thy bosom sad like mine.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
Cui demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error."
Horace.

—

That my best hopes should fall—by *thee* should fall!
"Oh! 'twas the most unkindest cut of all."
Deep in my heart from childhood I had nursed
The hidden love—my dearest, and my first;
And if my little mates surpassed me far
In the redoubted feats of school-boy war,
If to a younger rival was decreed
The prize of strength, the palm of sleight or speed,

I heeded not the sneering gibe and jest—
A nobler passion occupied my breast :
I felt a hope that Poesy's sweet lyre
Might deign to me some portion of its fire ;
And that my name (the boyish dream forgive),
Endeared by this, beyond mere life might live.

Still as I grew, this sweet hope strengthened still,
Enhanced each good, and tempered every ill ;
Blunt was the point of sorrow's keenest dart,
While this fond vision floated round my heart :
Friends might deceive, youth's fairy promise flee—
The Muse remained, and she was *all* to me.
She o'er my soul a blest illusion threw,
And gave each thought her own ethereal hue,

Taught me to seek in Fancy's festive reign
Joys I had sought in life, and sought in vain,
To range through realms untrodden as the air,
And conjure up a new creation there,
Where Pity still might soothe affliction's sigh,
And Love wipe every tear from every eye;
Where all the year might see the happy bowers
Girt with green plants and never-fading flowers,
And birds, untrembling, fill the peaceful groves
With the soft song of their successful loves.

Oh, I forgot, in that delightful sphere,
The woes my weary spirit suffered here;
And, lost in rapturous trances of the mind,
Each passion, sense, and thought to song resigned:

Then flowed my charmed hours in an
easy stream,
And life was all a happy, happy dream.

And could'st thou, frigid as thou art, destroy
That trance—my youth's most cherished hope and joy?
Dispel the scenes by Fancy's pencil traced,
And leave my dreary heart a blank—a waste?
"Oh, 'twas a cruel deed!" yet patiently
I could submit, had it not come from thee—
Thee, whom my soul elected for her own,
Since first she learnt to make comparison.
Ah! my heart leaned on thee, and loved to twine
Around itself the loves and hates of thine,
Strove with intensest zeal, strove less to be
Great, good, or wise, than similar to thee.

And when I looked that thou should'st
take a part
In each desire and passion of my heart,—
With all its raptures still in concert burn,
In all its sorrows sigh for sigh return,
My every wish and care with thine
should'st blend,
And prove thyself by sympathy a
friend,—
My bosom's purest, dearest, first delight
Thou reck'dst not with inhuman scoffs
to blight.
Ah! little knew'st thou, little could'st
thou know
How fair a promise thou wast laying
low:
"Away!" thou criedst, "away, fantastic
toys,
Poetic raptures, visionary joys!
Wisdom for men, the jingling arts of song
To love-sick maids and moon-struck
wits belong."

Yet was I happy: and could'st thou give more,
With all thy grey-beard mathematic lore?
Thou might'st at least have suffered me to seem
Blest to myself, although 'twas but a dream,—
To clasp, like him of old, the form of air,
Although, alas! the goddess was not there: [bliss
More sweet to me that world of fairy
Than all the cold reality of this.

But souls there are, so earthly and so dense,
Their whole ideas rest in things of sense;
All is but vanity, they wisely ween,
Except what can be tasted, touched, or seen.
Dull souls! they never felt the healing power
Of heavenly music in affliction's hour;

Ne'er knew the art, whose all subduing
charms
Wolves, bears, and tigers, of their rage
disarms ;
In vain for them glows Shakspeare's
magic strain,
Ophelia loves and languishes in vain :
Their heart too firm, their common-sense
too keen,
To be deluded by a fancied scene.

"Thou art the man"—read this sad page,
and see
Thyself pourtrayed in full identity ;
Then ask thy heart to spare a tear to
grace
The wretched ruin of thy kind embrace.

I cannot hate thee ; though thou hast
destroyed
My life's best hopes, and left a dreary
void ;

Be still my friend: thou hadst not
wounded me,
Hadst thou possessed more sensibility;
Nor should I thus beneath thy censure
pine,
Had I been gifted with a soul like thine.
Be still my friend,—at least in things of
sense,
Within the scope of thy intelligence:
The more ethereal portion of my heart
Thou can'st not share; for, ah! thou hast
no counterpart.

TO LETITIA.

This busy world, with all its strife,
How dull and dreary 'tis to me,
Whose whole concern, and love, and life,
Repose in thee!

The thirst of praise, the generous love
Of hope and fame, are all forgot;
Even *music* fails of power to move,
Where *thou* art not.

Cold is the song, and passionless
The "frenzy" of my raptured eye;
My spirit languisheth, unless
Thy form be nigh.

Where'er my devious footsteps rove,
Whatever changing visions fill
My heart; thou, like the heavens above,
Art present still.

Oh! how I sicken at the gay
Delights of rout and revelry,
Where mirth and clamour turn away
My thoughts from thee!

"One hour with thee," sweet maid, is more
Than country, kindred, fame, to me;
My heart writes on its dearest core—
"One hour with thee."

Mine eye meets thine, and turns away;
And seeks again another dart
Of consciousness, and cannot stay,
And will not part.

When thou art near, my spirit beams
Of hope and heaven; when thou art gone,
It dwells on thee,—thinks, muses, dreams,
On thee alone.

If thus to hide thee in my soul
Like praise on earth, or joy above,—
If this be love, roll, seasons, roll!
I still will love.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

TO ILLUSTRATE A DRAWING OF THE PARTHENON, AT ATHENS.

—

See what it *is*, and think what once it was,
Its graceful columns swelled in massive might
Beneath a pictured front, where Phidias
Had poured his soul into the stone; the light
Of Wisdom's power and presence streamed all bright
Within; and Grœcia's sages worshipped there,
Till they became immortal. Can Time's flight
Touch things like these?—look on those fragments bare!
Where are the worshippers?—the shrine?—the oddess where?

LINES WRITTEN IN A MUSIC BOOK.

—

THERE is a balm of healing here,
When those who loved thee once have flown,
And left thee, like the stricken deer,
To nurse thy wounds alone:
When memory conjures up in vain
Hours that can ne'er return again,
And hearts are sad, and hopes are sere,
There is a balm of healing here.

There is a spell when kindred meet,
And draw the magic circle round,
Where all the fascinations sweet
Of love and peace are found:
United in this mystic ring,
Whate'er unblest, unhallowed thing,

With envious purpose hovers near,
They have a charm to quell it here.

There is a rapture for the breast
  Which seeks to pour its breathings forth
In praise of Him, the Greatest, Best—
  The Lord of heaven and earth :
Oh ! when the spirit pants to rise
In rapt devotion to the skies,
And lose all worldly hope and fear,
There is an inspiration here.

There is a thrill for those who sigh
  To meet, and sicken to depart,
Who speed the glance from eye to eye,
  The flame from heart to heart.
When thoughts arise no words will spell,
And feelings burn no tongue can tell,
Oh ! let them tremblingly draw near,
And learn those thoughts and feelings here.

ST. JOHN XIX. 25—30.

—

The nails were in his hands,
His feet were red with blood;
The vengeance-sated bands
Around in silence stood.

The bitter cup was drained,
The ransomed world was free;
But one last act remained—
Not yet his soul must flee.

Fierce foes had shed his blood—
He raised his eyes to heaven
And prayed (as yet he could)
Their sins might be forgiven.

There stood, to watch his end,
The two his heart knew best—
His mother, and the friend
Who leaned upon his breast.

His sinews all lay bare,
  Sharp grief his soul pierced through—
For this he had no care,
  His thoughts were on those two.

On them his last look shone,
  He bade them happy be—
"Mother, behold thy son!
  And thou thy mother see."——

The blessing, and the prayer
  Were breathed, they soared above;
The one was Mercy's share,
  And one was given to Love.

"'Tis finished," now he said,
  Nor further could he say;
The Sufferer bowed his head,
  His spirit passed away.

TO HENRIETTA

—

Far, far from home my footsteps strayed,
And, from each long accustomed glade,
My weary eye would wistful range
For something it could call its own:
But no, each face and form was strange,
And even in crowds I seemed alone:
I missed the wilds where erst I roved,
The dell which from a boy I loved,
The green where oft in childish play
I laughed the summer suns away:
All these were absent, yet my breast
Had still one balmy spot of rest,
In exile and in loneliness,
Thou, love, wert near, mine hours to bless.

But now, from every solace torn,
I doubly feel my heart forlorn:
My woes remain, my wants, my grief,
But vanished is the sweet relief;
For country still and home I pine,
Nor beam thy eyes, as late, on mine.

But let my country, if fate will,
Be absent from my wishes still,
Let home and home's sweet joys no more
Refresh my spirit as before;
But let me not (worse fortune!) be
Bereaved, my dearest love, of thee:
With thee to feast mine eye upon,
No lot were hard, no land were lone;
Where'er thy presence beamed around
Should be to me as native ground;
And, even in exile, on thy breast
My heart would find a home of rest.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

—

Fain would I some soft measure seize,
Which sweetly through thine ear might thrill,
But ah! when most I long to please,
I find my numbers feeblest still.

My lyre forsakes me at thy call—
That lyre which erst was full of glee,
Yet I could wish 'twere mute to all,
If but its voice were true to thee.

The liquid notes indeed remain,
But ah! the spirit is not there;—
My *hand* is faithful to the strain,
My *heart* is—ask thy bosom where.

Hand may not write, tho' heart can feel,
What pleasure, and what pride is mine,
When thus I set the changeless seal,
Which pledges me a friend of thine.

And yet what need of pen or tongue
To tell that ties of friendship bind;
Since all that melting bards have sung,
Declares we have a fellow mind.

If plaintive Burns hath touched thy soul,
Or pious Cowper bid thee glow;
O'er me a kindred flame hath stole,
To burn with zeal, or melt at woe.

I loved the Muse in earliest days;
Each lay of hers was joy to me;
But when *thy* lips confessed her praise
I loved her more, because of thee.

And I have marked another trait
Wherein I fain would boast a part:

It is—I surely need not say—
Thy sensibility of heart.

That tenderness which keenly feels
Or others' or its own distress,
Which softens at the grief it heals,
And "would not, if it could," feel less;—

That genuine spirit, still inclined
To brighten with surrounding good;—
O, I have loved them in *thy* mind;
O, I have *cherished,* all I could.

If I reveal what thou would'st hide
In these my musings rudely free:—
Forgive, I cannot check the pride
To tell how I resemble thee.

My sweetly-pleasing task is done;
And yet I linger on the strain;

Still o'er the chords my hand will run,
And strike the latest note again.

Away, all apprehensions keen;—
Breasts thus by sympathy allied,
Though realms and ages come between,
Time cannot part, nor space divide.

Mary, while song has power to move,
So long shalt thou be dear to me;
And when the Muse I cease to love
I shall be all unworthy thee.

Then, oh! believe, though heart can feel,
Hand may not write, what pride is mine,
When thus I set the changeless seal,
Which pledges me a friend of thine.

Prologue for the anniversary of Burns's Birthday. Jan 25, 1829.

—

When friends assemble round the social bowl,
To "speed the intercourse from soul to soul,"
When wit and wine in all their witchery
Glow on each face, and sparkle in each eye;—
Then peals the song—the Muse's voice is heard—
And hearts, long frozen, to the core are stirred.
As valour, love, or friendship's praise goes round,
Each bosom's pulse accompanies the sound,

At "Bruce's" war-note heaves with angry surge,
Beats soft and slow at "Highland Mary's" dirge,
Or, touched in all its sympathies divine,
With generous rapture thrills at "Auld lang syne."
So potent is the heaven-taught poet's skill
To move the captive passions at his will!

Though annals fail, and storied page decay;
Though Scotland's simple manners pass away;
Thy country, Burns, with grateful eye will see
Their valued records all preserved by thee;
Read how her "Cotters" lived in days of yore,
Fearless yet honest, and content though poor;

And learn—when right had ceased, and freedom failed,
How Wallace fought, how Royal Bruce prevailed.

Let knowledge quench that wondrous power of sight
Which in each brake or valley views a sprite;
Holds commerce to corporeal eye unseen,
With fairies sporting or the moon-lit green;
And hears by vivid phantasy of mind
Dire goblins shriek in every mountain wind;
Let Science with her frigid rules explore,
And turn to scorn this rude romantic lore;
Yet, while the living lays of Burns remain,
These shadowy forms will hold their ancient reign,

Goblins will ride on every stormy breeze,
Grim sprites will awe, and fairies' gambols
please.

For me, who sojourn in a land un-
known,
My debt, sweet Bard! to thee how shall
I own?—
Full oft, oppressed with lonely sense of
grief,
My weary soul hath sought, nor found
relief;
Then gloom has ceased, when thy home-
breathing lays
Have brought back distant scenes, de-
parted days.

Twine, then, your brows, with choicest
chaplets twine!
And pay your homage at the festive
shrine;

This night, which gave our glorious poet
birth,
Devote to Music, and to social mirth;
And think, while thus his praises you
prolong,
You honour Genius, Patriotism, and
Song.

STANZAS

—

THERE are hours that move
In light arrayed,
Like the spirits above
Which cast no shade;
When each object wears
A hue of bliss,
And the bosom shares
No thought but this;—

When the eye, as it wanders,
Still glows anew,
And the heart inly ponders,
Dear friends, on you.

There are hours when scowl
The skies the saddest,
Yet the tranquil soul
Is gayest, gladdest.
In the tempest's din,
And wind's career,
All happy within
It cannot fear;
Though grief's sable stain
The air imbue,
Who thinks on pain,
Possessed of you?

There are hours when the breast,
In cheerful flow,
Finds every thing blest,
Or *makes* it so;

Each form surprises
With grace unknown,
And music arises
From every tone :
Thus pleased is mine ear,
Thus glad my view,
When I linger here,
Smiling with you.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

An eve it was (I well remember it)
The merry hinds had sung their harvest home;
And woods and pasture-lands began to feel
The touch of Autumn, when two village maids—
Sylvia and fair Ianthe—hied them forth

To quaff the freshness of the healthful breeze.
In various converse (while they walked along)
Each spoke to each the motions of her mind,
Unchecked, as varying scenes still rose to view.
At length upon the margin of a hill,
Whence the glad eye might freely range around
O'er forest, mead, and stream, they made a stand;
When fair Ianthe thus the strain renewed:—

How sweet this spot! these woody uplands still
My feet spontaneous seek: there is a charm
About such places, which in vain I strive
To find in any other: here the soul

Breathes freely, and surveying, wide and
far,
The beauties of the earth, enjoys at once
Their gladdening power, and feels her-
self above them.

Lovely indeed, Ianthe!—yet sad thoughts
Of change are mingled with the joy it
yields.
I cannot look upon these various hues
Without reflecting that the hand of Death
Has pencilled them:—this is a sombre
season—
I love the Spring.
Oh yes! the Spring is full
Of gaiety and hope: it is the theme
Of fancy-favoured poets, the delight
Of bright-eyed youth, and nature's jubi-
lee:—
Yet know I not wherein it can compare
With this which now we view.
Thy mind, I wôt,

Is of a pensive cast, and rather loves
To contemplate the shades, than lights of things:
Yet who can hear the gladsome voice of spring,
When earth's long icy silence starts to life
In a full gush of liquid melody,
And every bush and brake resounds afar
With many-toned, yet joy-consenting song,—
Who can behold the smiling fields arrayed
In all that glory, which the heavenly King
Preferred to Solomon's most rich attire;
Blade, leaf, and flower, in bright profusion mixed,
Beneath, above, around, of every tint
And dye that Nature boasts most beautiful,
Or fitted most to charm the sparkling eye,

Sweet rose, soft green, white, saffron,
red, and blue,—
Oh! who can quaff the exhilarating airs,
Attempered by the sunny influence
(Gentle and genial as, that hour, it beams)
And charged with incense from the
mingled breath
Of thousand censer-flowers,—nor feel
his heart
Beat with a brisker and more cheerful
pulse?
Perverse of soul indeed he needs must
be,
And framed of most unkindly elements,
Who senselessly can cast his eyes around,
And unrejoicing see creation's joy.

Happy the Spring, in sooth;—at no
time else
Wears earth so glad a lustre in her eye:
How often have I watched the guileless
lambs,

In many a frolic chase, and start, and bound,
Circling the meadow, till I wished myself
As light of heart, and free from care, as they!
As moons advance, their innocence remains,
But never more is seen the blithsome glee
Of these first days; their gambols dwindle down
To quiet gravity, and sober ease.
And so in all:—to every animate tribe
That treads the earth, glides through the liquid wave,
Or sports exulting in the fields of air,
Spring is the hour of birth or resurrection:
Life then is new, and freshly through the veins
The dancing spirits play; therefore the world,

Opening before them in its loveliest guise,
Is as a paradise of sweets, unrifled,
Where every pleasure thrives, and every sense,
Fresh yet and new, is eager to be pleased.
Fair meadows, sparkling in the tender sheen
Of recent verdure, smile on all sides round,
Like heaven's sweet light succeeding blackest gloom :
On many a tree, storm-stripped, and desolate,
Thick-clustering buds unfold the virgin hope
Of summer bloom, half blushing, half-concealed,
And so the lovelier ; flowers unnumbered peep
From out their modest eye-lids, just to tell

What matchless beauties glow beneath unseen.
Meanwhile a thousand swarms of insect life—
Sons of the hour—luxuriate on the wing,
Fast-twinkling, as if mirth to them and motion
Were sole existence, and repose were death.
Ceaseless upon the breeze the mingled sounds
Of bleating flocks, and lowing herds, arise,
Varied with other notes, of softer power,
From humming bees intent upon their task—
Their task at once and joy—and sweetest birds
Blending wild lays of every mood and tone.
What wonder if, in such enlivening scenes,

The heart should shake off all its load, and feel,
Within, the influence of that general gladness
With which the senses outwardly converse!
Oh, Sylvia! sure the mind, chameleon-like,
Borrows complexion from surrounding things;
And spring, wherein all nature breathes of youth,
Awakens youthful consciousness, and all
The bliss of sanguine boyhood, in the breast.

For ever thus, dear maid!—mine ear hath hung
Upon thy glowing words, as it could ne'er
Delight enough; I knew the warm Ianthe

Could not but own the rapture-moving
power
Of nature's sweetest season!—O, I knew
She needs must love the matchless joys
of spring.

The matchless joys of spring I ever
loved;
Cold should I be indeed, did not my eye
Glisten, and freshlier mantle o'er my
cheek
The blood, amid such glories; yet not
mirth,
Not festive gladness, nor the sparkling
glow
Of beauty lavished in all forms and hues,
Yields the heart's deepest, most sincere
delight.
There is a chastened feeling which per-
vades
The soul, when soberer scenes around us
rise—

Oh! sweeter far: why shrink I to confess
I have more pleasure in the year's decline!

Good heaven! I thank thee thou hast not ordained
My breast poetical; 'tis ever thus
With you romancing maids; you love to cherish
Likings and fancies other than the rest:
But now your spirit kindled in the praise
Of Spring, and straight outpoured a lofty strain,
Loftier beyond compare than I, its most
Devoted lover, e'er can hope to reach:
The mood is past; and next pale Autumn takes
The upper ground; while all that went before
Is vanished quite, as though it ne'er had been.

Nay, gentle Sylvia, be not so severe
Upon the Muse's progeny: thine eye
Is conscious to soft pity, when thou view'st
The moon-struck "lunatic," or doting "lover;"
Why is the no less hapless race of song
Denied compassion?—let their weakness win
Forbearance; ill beseems the rich in wit,
The sage, and wise, to glory o'er the simple.
Thy favourite season (leave me thus much praise)
Tuneful and flowery, warm with life and hope,
Provokes my admiration, and what thoughts
Of gaiety and joy my heart may know:
But as there are whom Nature so has framed,
Of such untoward temper, that nor mirth,

Nor dazzling splendour, yields them much content;
I must again (though with submission due)
Confess that Autumn has more charms for me.

Would it were blotted from the calendar!
What is, or can there be, in that dull time,
To raise one other feeling in the breast
Than care, despondence, sadness, pain, regret?

Much—look around and see; can the poor skill
Of mimic limner shadow aught to vie
In rich variety and depth of hue
With this resplendent picture?—look around
Till thine eye tire with feasting on such beauty,

And then return to gaze ; thy weary sense
Will sooner lack conceit, than this, new
charms.
'Tis not the meagre, unaffecting scene
Of deftly-pencilled canvass, where the
grace
Or truth of form, and native glow of
tint
Except, all else is blank ; but a wide
stretch
Of living landscape, where the wood or
lawn
Hath the substantial dignity of space
Fully dilated, or high-towering bulk ;
And every object, warm with real life,
Beyond the outward semblance and re-
spect,
Speaks to the heart its several chronicle :
" That croft in childhood oft was my re-
sort,
" To chace the butterfly, or gather cow-
slips ;

" Yon willow-tree my memory traces back
" To a mere shrub; full many a summer sun
" And wintry-wind have since passed over it
" In turn, and both of us have suffered change.
" This little stream, holding its constant way
" Unheard, and scarcely known but by the freshness
" Of its green banks, how well it doth resemble
" The virtuous man in low obscurity,
" Whose course is tracked, not by report of fame,
" But by the good works he has left behind him!"
Such is the chain of thought by which these scenes—
Each for itself—arrest our sympathy,

And closely twine themselves around the heart.

Enough of sentiment!—in following flowers
Of vagrant fancy, you forget the theme.

The theme is not forgot—it lies before me.
Oh! who that hath or eye to see, or soul
To think and feel, can gaze on such a sight
With coldness or neglect? the chequered park;
The mead in sober livery of eld;
The hedge-row ash, or elm, or thick-leaved beech,
Touched each with diverse tinge; the scattered group
Of spreading oaks, with coronal of bronze;
The upland, crowned with pines in all the bright

Luxuriance of summer; in the vale
The paly hawthorn, shorn of half its shade;
The verdant elder, and the dark-green holly,
Mingled with various fruits—the hip, the haw,
The coal-black sloe, the berry sparkling red;—
These meet my raptured view. Seems it as if
The year, assembling round it all the beauties
Which its rich treasures lavishly have poured
Through every season since its march began,
Would signalise its finishing display
With pomp beyond the former, and expire
With all its glories blushing thick upon it.

That Autumn has its charms, and those
nor few,
Nor faintly coloured, deem me fully con-
scious:
Yet my heart misses the enlivening
joy,
The lightsome gaiety, of happy Spring.

'Tis not, in truth, the hour for smiles; 'tis not
The time to dally with sweet birds and
bees,
Or sport it featly round the flower-clad
May-pole;
But other and far nobler cares employ
The musing mind: there is a soft and
mild
Influence upon us, which (would not the
term
Offend) might melancholy well be named;
But which not, like the feeling you so
much

Dread all approach to, leads to dark
despondence,
But to reflection, pleasing thought, re-
pose.
In Spring the buoyant atmosphere, the
song,
The scent, the show, diffuse a cheering
sense
Of gladness through the frame; but
deeper far
The conscious working of the' autumnal
hour:
Not eye, or ear, or pulse, but heart and
soul
Are with emotion touched, and feel the
spirit
That rules the time:—'Tis eve, the
gusty wind
Pauses and howls by fits; I seek the
shade
Of hidden copse, or tangled brake, or
most

Of hill well-wooded; there I lonely stray,
Pleased by the freshening impulse of the breeze,
And amorous of its song: the trooping clouds
Flit o'er the sky with swift and wild career;
The forest moans, as with the rushing sound
Of floods continuous, broken at times, and vexed
Into an angrier roar, and then anon
Sinking to calm; the "sere and yellow" leaves
Quiver upon the spray, or rustling fall
In copious showers around me; in the heavens,
Through air, and on the earth, a dark gloom frowns
(Congenial to the temper of the hour);
Which sheds a wild sublimity o'er all.—

This is the scene in which my soul delights;
Here would I wander from declining noon
To eve, from eve to starry night; such cheer,
Such peace, and heavenly musing, doth it bring.

In short, you love, most eloquent Ianthe,
A sylvan walk, beneath a tragic sky,
In a tumultuous gale;—but these are not
Sole property of Autumn; hath not Spring
Alike such charms to gladden you withal?

Forests it hath, black clouds, and stormy winds
In store abundant; but their influence
Not cheers, but chills the heart: the lowering sky,

Amid such garniture of blooming fields,
Scowls harsh and out of season; in the veins
The genial current freezes with the blast;
And new-blown buds and flowers, in early prime
Shrivelled, and strewn in wreck unlovely, show
Like joy to mourning turned, or mirth to pain.—
In Autumn all is mild, mature, and timed
In just accordance; sullen sky, sere earth,
Wild wind, and withering forest, well consent;
And well with them consents the mind of man,
Prepared by change successive for the last
Sad scene, where all change ends. At such a time,

Memory—quaint chronicler of yore—awakes
And tells her tale; while pleased Reflection notes
Each pregnant passage, and runs out on each
To high discourse and useful argument.
Meanwhile fast-falling leaves and drooping flowers
Recal the spirit from its thoughtful trance;
And then amid decay we fondly linger,
Gazing upon the sweet but sad remains
Of what in bloom we loved, but now much more,
Such secret pleasure pensive Autumn gives.

Cold, joyless cheer, to think the time at hand
When every leaf shall drop from every tree;

When comeliness, and health, and living
bloom
Pass quite from Nature's face, and leave
behind
A blank unsightly image of dull death.

They who have strength of feeling to
enjoy
The present, spare to look beyond: the
thoughts
Which Autumn wakes in those who
know her right [sad
Are other than despondence—presage
Of coming horror; through the bosom
steals
A mournful yet most balmy tenderness,
Which shuts out barren gloom. The
leafless stalk
We turn away from; but the *withering*
flower,
Which time has touched, not rifled,
draws forth all

The heart's best sympathies; we hang upon
Its hallowed beauties with a melting fondness,
Which holds the whole soul captive. Sweet to hail
Bright beauty's rising; sweet to contemplate,
Freely and oft, her rich and palmy pride.
But, oh, her farewell hour!—sure never else
Looks loveliness so lovely;—never else
Gazes the eye so passionately upon it:
Then first we fully seem to know its charms,
Then feel how dear we hold them: the sad thought
Of parting starts us, and our heart awakes
To its concealed attachment, and our love,

Long checked within its secret source, o'erflows.—

Thus they in friendly interchange reveal
Their several motions, striving each to win
The other to her part; but find no end,
The more at variance as advanced the more:
For minds are mixed of different elements,
And each has its own character: yet still
Though numerous as the starry host of heaven,
And as distinct as those, nature has charms
(So rich and manifold her glorious works)
To suit, in turn, and satisfy them all.—

The sun had sunk; the shades of night drew on

Apace; when, each in separate musing wrapped
Of what had chanced to' engage in speech or scene,
The mutual pair their footsteps homeward turned.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

FAIR is the summer sky at night,
When o'er its arch of blue
Is shed so calm so soft a light,
That heaven seems glistening through:
But clouds of wrath soon gather there,
And all is dim where all was fair.

Sweet is the early cuckoo's voice
After long months of gloom,
Which bids the flocks and herds rejoice,
The woods and meadows bloom:

But, ah ! its sweetness may not last—
It sounds, it cheers, and then 'tis past.

Lovely the face of Nature mild,
  Where, blent in one rich maze,
The grand, the gay, the stern, and mild
  Arrest the raptured gaze :
Yet, though her charms our transport move,
  She cannot answer love for love.

But woman ! lovely, sweet, and fair,
  Outvies them all, alone ;
There's beauty in her face and air,
  Soft music in her tone ;
And, oh, while thus she wins all hearts,
She *feels* the passion she *imparts*.

WRITTEN IN A MOMENT OF DESPONDENCE.

—

Away !—away ! each gladsome strain,
My harp shall never joy again :
The hope that cheered my life is gone,
And I must darkly wither on,
Without one ray to chase the gloom
Which veils my blighted spirit's bloom.

Away !—away ! the song of love,
No more such notes my heart may move :
Time was they were a sovereign spell
Each grief to soothe, each care to quell :
Time was I joyed in them ;—but now
They pain my breast and cloud my brow.

Away ! away ! ye meads and streams,
The scenes of Fancy's raptured dreams ;

Ye woods, that shed sweet silence o'er
me,
While fairy visions glanced before me;
Away!—I knew they could not last—
Youth, hope, and love with me are past:

Away!—away! my dear, dear lute,
Thy vocal strings must now be mute;
Long years I've clasped thee to my
heart—
We part at length, for ever part:
Best joy! I tear thee last away—
Now welcome sorrow, care, decay.

STANZAS.

Fierce fire within the mount may blaze,
Eating its caverned heart away;
And yet, the while, to outward gaze,
Its brow be calm, its sides look gay.

What is, not always *seems:* even here
Far "more is meant than meets the ear."

The rose smiles on in youthful pride,
Bright as its blushing sisterhood;
Nor canker at the core is spied
'Till the head sinks, and droops each bud.
The inside "passeth show;"—so here
Much "more is meant than meets the ear."

And may not passion's deepest force
A cold, unmeaning semblance wear,
No trace revealing of its course,
No sign where it has fixed its lair?
Oh! yes, and idle words, as here,
May mean far "more than meets the ear."

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.

—

FAREWELL! our hours of joy are past,
And now is come the parting day:
I see your brows with gloom o'ercast,
And mine perchance is not more gay:
Yet, oh! I cannot, must not stay,
Howe'er these bitter throbs rebel:
Fate wills that I should hence away,
Then dearest friends, farewell, farewell!

Farewell!—how many a scene gone by
Starts up anew at that sad word!
How many a fond, reluctant sigh,
Within the pensive breast is stirred!
We run through memory's treasured store
Of acts endeared—on each we dwell;
Then comes the thought that all is o'er,
And bitterly we cry—Farewell!

Farewell! farewell! thou spot beloved
(Since bliss must still have its alloy),
Where first in happiest home I proved
A husband's love, a mother's joy.——
Farewell, dear friends! this pain to part,
This grief which words want power to tell,
Declares how deep within my heart
Your image lives—farewell! farewell!

TO ANNA

—

How sad and hopeless is the heart
That pines beneath a secret smart,
Which, while it may not be revealed,
Still grieves the more, the more concealed!

The dove which carries in her breast
The fatal shaft, can find no rest,

And presses closer to her side
Her wings, in hopes the wound to hide;
Poor fool! she folds in her embrace
That which is draining life apace.

Ah, lady! if thy bosom know
The pang which throbs at others' woe,
In pity grant one soothing sigh—
That heart is mine, that dove am I.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THERE are, of soul so formed to please,
We hail them from the first as friends,
Nor wait till time, by slow degrees,
Our heart with theirs in concert blends.
The mystic bond at once is tied—
Even by a look, a word, a token—

Which years of life can scarce divide,
Which oft by death alone is broken :
When first we greet, our breasts they move,
And once to see is still to love.

In the world's crowd, we talk and smile
With herds familiar day by day ;
And yet our bosoms all the while
Share not in aught we do or say.
Not so with *these*—the briefest space
Of converse each to each reveals ;
The tone—the look—all—bears the trace
Of what the spirit inly feels :
Till *we* become, communing thus,
A part of *them*, and *they* of *us*.

Let Fortune with malignant aim
Rend each from other far away ;
Our fellowship remains the same—
It knows no change, nor pause, nor stay.

The conscious eyes no longer meet ;
  Hand presses thrilling hand no more ;
Yet memory, thought, affection sweet,
  Hold mutual commerce as before ;
And not a waking hour fleets by
  But sees us muse on them—and sigh.

TO HENRIETTA LOUISA.

ONE home at length is ours, one heart ;
We now are joined no more to part ;
And thou shalt e'er be by my side,
My own, my loving, much-loved bride.

Henceforth through life's brief, changeful day,
Together we shall tend our way ;
And, whether bliss or woe betide,
It still shall find us side by side.

And thou shalt all my care beguile
With soothing speech and tender smile;
Each joy my heart shall doubly cheer,
And pain not grieve, while thou art near.

And I shall shield thee in my arms
From fear or danger's worst alarms;
Shall clasp thee closely to my breast,
And lull each troubled thought to rest.

In this cold world, sad grief or scorn
May pierce with many a biting thorn,
But each in each shall find a joy
The world nor gives, nor can destroy.

And when, long years of trial past,
Our parting hour shall come at last,
May then (each sin through grace forgiven)
Our earthly love be perfected in heaven.

TO KNOWLEDGE.

—

O KNOWLEDGE, gifted with the fatal art
To lure the eye, but not to bless the heart!
For thee, when life is new, and hopes are gay,
From friends and sports we tear ourselves away;
Dash from our brow the smile of joyous youth,
And banish happiness—to seek for truth.

Wasteful of health, for thee in riper age,
We pore, abstracted, o'er the midnight page,
And lose those hours in barren loneliness
Which friendship claims, and mirth was given to bless.

For thee with headlong enterprise we run
To other climes beneath another sun;
Dare all the monsters of the gulfy sea,
And tread the blasted wilderness for thee.

And yet what art thou? or what real joy
Hath the wise sage, above the shepherd boy?
Is it more sweet to glean from toilsome books
That art of life which shines in "trees and brooks?"
To scan the source of things with curious eye,
And puzzle out the laws of earth and sky?
Then, after all these grave researches past,
To find that man can nothing know at last?—

Is this more sweet than in the simple
cot
To share the unperverted rustic's lot,—
Whose bosom, conscious of no other lore
Than nature taught, enjoys her gifts the
more,—
Whose thoughts domestic never learned
to stray
Beyond the present place, or passing day,
But, with their sphere accordant, smile
or pine
As seasons sadden and as seasons shine?

But man, from high to higher soaring
still,
Would be a god in knowing good and ill,
And spurn the joys of his allotted state
To search the universal acts of fate:
Ah! many a paradise, beside the first,
Has been the forfeit of that lawless thirst.

TO MISS E. C., ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

—

When friends and kindred round thee pour,
With fond memorials of their love,
And kinder, dearer lips implore
Rich blessings on thee from above,—

A stranger's prayer may scarcely claim
An audience of thy flattered ear;
Yet breathe it shall, and name thy name
To one who will not fail to hear.

Oft may this day's return be thine
And each still happier than the past;
Till, in thy mortal life's decline,
Earth's bliss may end in heaven at last.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

—

She shone in youth and beauty's bloom,
With not a cloud her skies to gloom:
Sweet mildness, simple, native grace,
Appeared in voice, and air, and face;
All eyes smiled on her where she moved,
And, when she spoke, we heard and loved;
A sire's fond hopes upon her hung,
A brother's joy around her clung.

Scarce sixteen summers yet had shed
Their flush and fragrance o'er her head;
Yet low in earth she coldly lies,
Torn from our wistful, longing eyes.

As if the vernal leaf and flower,
In this their bright and palmy hour,
Struck by some sudden, strange decay,
Had sadly passed from earth away.

Shall not we then her fate bewail?
Shall not our hearts within us fail?
Yes; Nature tears for grief decreed,
And torn affection needs must bleed:
Yet hopelessly we may not weep
For those who calm in Jesus sleep;
And she who now in silence lies
Forbade such sorrow to arise.

We thought, indeed, long years to come,
To see her opening virtues bloom;
To watch her mind and form display
Their sweets and graces, day by day;
To soothe us with that soft sweet voice,
And in her winning smiles rejoice:—
Yet let us bow to God's high will;
She's saved, perhaps, from future ill.

And thou, whose bosom's aching void
Bespeaks thy life's best hope destroyed,
Though bleeding memory oft will tell
Of her thou vainly lov'dst so well;
Think, for thy comfort, thou hast given
Thy child to be a saint in heaven:
Wipe off thy tears, lament no more—
"She is not lost, but gone before."

TO HENRIETTA LOUISA.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING-DAY.

The happy morn which saw us stand
Before the venerable shrine;
Where hand was joined to mutual hand,
And thy heart gave itself to mine;

That happy morn, so justly dear,
The circling moons again bring round;
And ever love's blest ties appear
More closely knit, more firmly bound.

Each passing hour reveals some trait
Of sweetness not perceived before;
And, oh! I feel still day by day
As more I know, I love thee more.

May ever thus the seasons glide;
Thus still our union closer prove;
Till, earthlier passions purified,
Our souls become, like God, all love.

ON THE LATE BEAUTIFUL MRS. HOWARD,

OF CORBY CASTLE, CUMBERLAND,

Who died immediately after the infant to which she had just given birth.

—

Sleep, lovely consort, sleep! — Death watched the hour
When thy young form its richest bloom displayed,
And set his seal upon the blushing flower,
That mortal eye might never see it fade.

Sleep, happy matron, sleep!—'tis said the blest
On angels' bosoms are conveyed above:
Thy babe, upon an angel-mother's breast,
Attained at once a heaven of bliss and love.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT SON.

—

And thou art gone, my first—my only!
And left my bosom void and lonely:
Thy little eyes just beamed on mine,
In smiles most sweetly infantine;
And, when my heart began to prove
The workings of parental love,
The ruthless hand of swift decay
Tore my young hope at once away.

Hard stroke! yet let my heart be still,
Nor grieve at the Almighty's will:
Though clouds disguised his face awhile,
Soon through those clouds breaks forth a smile;
And now my soul hath learnt to know,
Mercy directs the sternest blow;

And now the gracious hand I kiss
Which snatched my babe from pain to
bliss.

Rest, darling, rest! in heavenly peace,
Where care and toil and trouble cease;
Far happier that indulgent fate
Assigned thy life so short a date:
Thy race was o'er when scarce begun,
Without a fight thy crown was won;
And now, secure from all annoy,
Thou dwell'st in realms of endless joy.

Rest, darling, rest! my heart indeed,
Torn by thy loss, long, long will bleed;
Yet would I not, for worlds like this,
Recal thee from that land of bliss:
Rest, ever rest! my hope, my love,
Clings to thee yet, in realms above;
For, though thou com'st not back to me,
Faith whispers, I shall go to thee.

PRAYER.

—

To trouble born, even as the sparks of fire
By Nature's mandate upward still aspire,
Man comes into a world of grief and gloom,
And his first cries bespeak his after doom :
Pain, care, and sorrow, wait on all sides round ;
Where'er he treads, he feels 'tis cursed ground :
On this hand weakness, and on that hand sin, [in ;—
Temptations outward, carnal lusts with-
What help is his, what succour, or what stay,
To brave the shock, or brook the evil day ?

Alas! no power has he, no strength of
trust;
His might is air, his confidence but dust:
Beyond himself his only aid resides,
A foreign arm his shield, when ill betides,
In God above true hope and safety lies,
From him alone flow constant, full sup-
plies;
Who needs his help, or lacks his guar-
dian care, [prayer.
Plain is the way—'tis faithful, fervent

Strength of the feeble, refuge of the
weak,
Comfort of all who comfort duly seek,
Prayer is the light that scatters man's
despair,
Each want or suffering finds relief in
prayer. [press,
When troubles try us, and when dangers
When courage fails beneath severe dis-
tress;

When heart and flesh shrink in amazement dumb
'Neath griefs that crush, and heavier griefs to come,
When hope desponds by weight of woes o'erborne,
And faith itself begins to sink forlorn,—
God still is nigh; He waits but 'till we crave
His aid in prayer, and straight His hand is stretched to save.

His people oft this cheering truth have proved,
When earthly help and hope were quite removed,
Light has come down, and strength from heaven been sent,
And Faith's strong cry been crowned omnipotent.

This Israel felt, when, standing on the coast,
They saw in hot pursuit proud Pharaoh's host;
Wild mountains closed them in on either side,
Before them rolled a furious, fordless tide;
And now behind their cruel masters urge,
Stern as the desert, furious as the surge:
Each bosom quailed, the stoutest held their breath,
And, trembling, waited the expected death;
When, lo! the prophet raised his hands on high,
And cried for aid to Him who rules the sky.
God heard—and instant at His high command
The waters formed a wall on either hand:
The people passed securely through the wave;
Their fierce pursuers found a watery grave.

No mail was girded on, no helmet clasped;
No javelin wielded, and no spear was grasped;
The crowd stood still, exempt from dread or care:
Faith was their sword, their only buckler prayer.
With these they fought, and soon, from peril free,
They sang their tyrants whelmed beneath the sea.

Let pagan hordes, assailed by murderous wars,
Confide in horses and in battle cars;
Our trust is God—a strength which cannot fail—
In that we combat, and in that prevail.
Arrows may pierce the breast-plate doubly barred,
A taintless conscience is a surer guard:

Embattled armies oft have lost their
might,
And, smit with panic, fainted in the fight;
One righteous man, with spirit framed to
pray,
Has turned the fortune of the roughest
day.

Was ever people so severely pressed,
Was ever sovereign with such fear dis-
tressed,
As Ahaz' son; when, pouring on his
coasts,
He saw Assyria's wide, ferocious hosts?
Outward they swept, like ocean's reckless
tide,
Which scatters mounds and navies in its
pride:
Their swords had reaped the fields of
countless realms,
A hundred victories blazed upon their
helms;

The strength of kings their conquering
arms had broke,
The gods of nations bowed beneath their
yoke:
And now to Salem's gates they haste
amain, [plain.
Their steel-clad myriads covering all the
Already the devoted walls appear,
When night descending checks their fierce
career.

Unhappy prince! how shalt thou shun
the fate
That stands loud-threatening at thy cas-
tle gate?
What trust is thine, what hope of suc-
couring power
To shield thy kingdom in so dread an
hour? [despair;
Earth's help is weak, and bids thine heart
To heaven then turn, and seek deliverance
there.

Prone in the dust, before the shrine he kneels,
And all his danger, all his fears reveals:
The God of Israel heard the monarch's cry,
And showered down succour from His throne on high.
His foes were baffled—as each warrior lay,
Dreaming of spoils to come with coming day;
The stern avenger stooped, his sword in hand,
And smote and slaughtered all the godless band.
Morn rose; the tents still whitened o'er the ground,
But living thing no longer there was found:
The vaunted spoilers, lifeless and congealed,
Lay stretched in death, as sleep their eyes had sealed.

Judah beheld, and, lost in wild amaze,
Their suppliant moans to loud hosannas raise.

Such power hath prayer, when from a bosom poured,
Earnest, devout, where faith and speech accord :
To catch its accents heaven is opened wide,
Nor aught to its petition is denied.
Prayer bursts the prison-doors—prayer bids the sun
Pause in his mid career, and straight 'tis done :
Prayer checks the promised harvest in its birth,
Closing the womb of the prolific earth ;
The clouds no longer drop their fatness down,
And plenty the rich year forgets to crown.
But, loth and slow heaven's bounties to restrain,

Prayer triumphs more to bring joy back
again ;
To bid parched drought and hungry fa-
mine cease,
And corn and wine o'er all the land
increase.

So when false Israel had forsook the
Lord,
And other gods at other shrines adored ;
When, to avenge apostate Ahab's zeal,
The earth became as brass, the sky as
steel ;
The fig-tree's hopeful blossoms blushed no
more,
The vine no longer gave its juicy store,
The olive failed the rustic's toil to bless,
And fertile fields were curst with barren-
ness ;
No flock leapt forth at shepherd's well-
known call,
No sturdy ox fed joyous at the stall ;

The months of harvest in their course came round,
But blade, or ear, the reaper nowhere found;
The land was all one scorched and dreary waste,
From which each verdant life was quite effaced;
Three times the sun his annual race had wheeled, [field;
Since rain or dew refreshed the thirsty
Each stream had long forgot its wonted course,
Each bubbling spring been dried up in its source;
Even haughty Jordan mourned the niggard sky,
And, shrunk in strength, left half his channel dry;
The famished people craved in vain for food, [subdued;
No cooling draught their burning thirst

By empty well, exhausted river's side,
In panting crowds, they gasped, they pined, and died.

Where wert thou, Baal, when thy votaries' cry
Rose night and day, and yet found no reply?
Why didst thou thus thine own to perish leave?
When Ahab called, could Baal not relieve?
In vain thy hundred priests danced round thy shrine,
No aid or virtue rests in thee or thine;
One succour Israel has, one only hope—
The voice that sealed the heavens, the heavens can ope.

The holy man appears—long, anxious time,
Searched and explored through many a realm and clime;

Sudden he now appears; on Carmel's height
He takes his station, clothed in conscious might—
Might not his own, but breathed through heart and frame
From Him whose trusted minister he came:—
Bare is his head, he grasps the prophet's rod, [God.
While low on earth, he wrestles with his
The people stand in silence, and intent,
Eye the grave scene, and wait the big event.
In suppliant posture still the figure bends;
In thought, not words, his soul's request ascends.
The Power propitious hears the good man's prayer
(The good man still is heaven's peculiar care);

Wide o'er the sea the watchman strains
his eyes,
At length the welcome cloud is seen to
rise;
Winds gather soon, and blackness veils
the sky;
The rains descend—earth drinks her full
supply.

Mysterious prayer! that, where proud
monarchs fail,
Strengthens the friendless outcast to pre-
vail;
Which, when the wise, the mighty, and
the brave,
Stand helpless by, and find no power to
save,
Bids a whole nation's quivering life or
death
Hang on a poor, unaided stranger's
breath;

And arms the form, by age and sorrow bent,
With boundless sway, with might omnipotent:—
Mysterious prayer! which feeble man endows
With proudest influence when he lowliest bows,
Which gives the humble heart, the abject frame,
A power unknown to lords of wealth and fame,
And lifts the bended knee to more command
Than crowned head or weapon-wielding hand!
Mysterious prayer! oft has it bid, at will,
The storm of battle thunder, or be still;
Oft, like the moon above the' obsequious tide,
Taught prowess now to swell, and now subside.

When warfare raged, and Amalek's stern might
Hung hot on Israel's champions in the fight,
When helm to helm, and sword encountering sword,
The heathen pressed the army of the Lord;
Thoughtless of fear, the prophet took his stand,
And turned the drift of battle with his hand.
No word he spoke, in form alone he prayed,
The carnage ceased, the fierce pursuit was stayed.
While rose his suppliant arm, the faithful sped;
When tired it sank, their strength and courage fled,
Till held at length by foreign aid on high,
It gave them full and perfect victory.

The foe retired beneath its mystic sway;
The people passed exulting on their way.

But wherefore tell of deeds of martial power,
Which prayer has wrought in mortal peril's hour?
Why speak of victories won, of tyrants quelled,
Or lorn defenders in defeat upheld?
Far nobler succours faithful prayer has brought,
Far mightier acts and prouder conquests wrought.
When plague hath gone abroad at heaven's command,
And death or terror paralysed the land,
When heart and help have fainted through despair,
Relief has dawned, and hope revived by prayer,

The slaughtering angel has withheld the blow, [of woe.
And health and joy re-lumed the house
Yet more, much more is prayer's great might confessed,
In healing souls with plague of sin oppressed:
No pest like this the troubled spirit proves,
Nor any aid like that whose power its taint removes.

Lo! that sad form, which climbs the mount of God, [road,
Downcast his eye, his tears bedew the
Sorrow is in is gait, remorse and shame
O'ercloud his brow, and agitate his frame;
His steps at length the awful temple reach,
But sobs and choking sighs obstruct his speech;

One moment mute before the shrine he stands,
Nor dares to lift his eye, or raise his hands;
The next, by sharper pangs of guilt distressed,
With bitter force he smites upon his breast; [groan,
Then cries in words rebuked by many a
"To me a sinner, Lord, be mercy shown,"—
Simple the accents, but the heart was there,
And God received its penitential prayer;
Grace beamed propitious on the suppliant's head,
And love from Him who for the guilty bled;
Back to his home the happy mourner hied,
His travail past, his conscience justified.

Be such thy blest exemplar, man forlorn,
Oppressed with sin, by sense of guilt
o'erborne,
Whose weary spirit panting seeks release
From secret pangs which long have
wrecked its peace;
With this poor wretch, at Mercy's foot-
stool bow,
There all thy griefs and all thy faults
avow;
And that kind Power, to him so rich in
[love,
Will all thy cares with equal grace re-
move;
Will whisper comfort to thy troubled
breast,
Banish thy fears, and sweetly give thee
rest.

Oh! dark their doom who in affliction's
day
Know not by prayer to charm its gloom
away,

Who, when each object frowns upon
them here,
Have not a refuge in a better sphere;
But all their hope by this cold world
engrossed,
When that proves false, are ever, ever
lost!

Far happier they whose souls have learnt
to bend,
And made, betimes, the Lord of all their
friend,
Have given to Him the first-fruits of
their days,
Loved His great name from youth, and
lisped His praise,
At eve and morn, in tones sincere, though
weak,
Have duly bent the knee His grace to
seek,
To Him confessed each childish wish
and thought,
In each emergence His direction sought,

And when the joys of earth have wooed
their love,
Have turned untouched away, and fixed
their heart above.

To such this anxious, troubled scene
below,
With all its dangers, all its care and
woe,
Moves smoothly on, and, though its trials
vex,
They have no power to ruffle or perplex,
In each dark moment still the spirit flies
For help to Him whose throne is in the
skies,
And, while the trembling thought can
frame a prayer,
It never fails of present succour there:
Affliction's stroke of half its force is
shorn;
Pain learns to smile, and Grief forgets to
mourn.

A favoured wife, beloved of her Lord,
Why pines her heart, why is her lot deplored?
Why as she wends to Shiloh, year by year,
In God's accustomed service to appear,
Droops still her spirit, and her offerings rise
Joyless and cold, her prayers are choked with sighs?
She has no child; a happier rival's sneers
The sore reproach sound daily in her ears:
And, though her husband with endearing zeal
Plies all love's arts the hidden pang to heal,
The hidden pang still rankles in her breast;
Her wounded spirit knows no peace or rest;
Her eyes weep on; grief will not be beguiled;
Shame still consumes her heart,—SHE HAS NO CHILD.

Moons circle round; her due feet seek again
Shiloh's blest seat, and tread the hallowed fane:
The sacrifice is done, the feast is o'er,
She hastes to God her secret plaints to pour;
She prays, and, as its prayer her soul reveals,
Tears moisten all the ground whereon she kneels:
Long time in cheerless mood she lowly bends,
And still her heart in earnest vows ascends—
Vows not pronounced with outward voice or tone,
But felt and breathed within the reins alone:
At length with conscious hope her breast is stirred; [heard:
She feels as if her soul's desire were

Lightly she rises from the sacred ground,
Grace from on high her fervent prayer hath found:
The boon is given—when time's due course was run,
Her raptured arms embrace a lovely son:
In bitter tears she sowed, she reaps in joy,
And now loud praises heart and lips em-[ploy.

Pilgrims of sorrow, whose untoward doom
Has wove your vital web with threads of gloom;
To whom the seasons, which in annual flow
Joys bring to all, bring only change of woe;
See here your solace, and your sovereign aid,
When heaviest ills your sinking souls invade;

In straitest trials, and in lowest state,
On God by prayer with meek affiance wait;
And, though all strength and help within you die,
Fresh strength will come and succour from on high:
As on that night, ere man's release was wrought,
Remission of his throes the Sufferer sought,
An angel shall descend, and to your heart
Increase of virtue, heavenly might, impart.
How many sorrows thus have been allayed!
How oft has light broke through the thickest shade!
How oft deep suffering, sad bereavement, found wound!
A cure for every sore, a balm for every

A voice of bitter wailing rends the air ;
Deep anguish, sure, and agony is there :
The childless mother sorrows, and her grief
Refuses comfort, for it lacks relief ;
Her heart is all upon that lifeless boy—
Her hope so late, her dearest, only joy :—
He came, a sudden unexpected boon,
And now he's gone as strangely and as soon ;
Yet not alone he hastes to his decline,
Her best affections still around him twine ;
And even in death, in darkness, and decay,
She cannot tear from him her soul away :
The seer arrives, who first announced this son, [run ?
But what can he, now life's last sand is
Yet, oh! how hard the cherished hope to part, [heart !
Which cleaves and clings about a mother's

Before his feet her prostrate length she throws,
And cries for pity on her cruel woes:
His bosom melts at such severe distress;
He lifts, he cheers, and bids her hope redress;
Then hastening to the chamber of the dead,
His limbs he casts upon the fateful bed;
And with unuttered groans, and urgent prayers,
Lays all his care on Him who for him cares:
His cry is heard; death's leaden slumber breaks,
The lifeless breathes again, the dead awakes;
The mother clasps once more her living boy,
And grief's cold tears melt in a gush of joy.

Blest power of prayer, at whose almighty voice
The lost return again, the sad rejoice;

May morn ne'er dawn, nor evening cast its shade,
Without my orisons devoutly paid!
In every trouble, every grief or need,
May still my soul to God for comfort plead;
And know that those with Him hold dearest place
Who most desire and oftenest crave His grace.
O, may I learn, when doubt and darkness rise,
And spread their filmy veil before my eyes,
Or when my steps, uncertain of the way,
Through devious mazes hesitating stray,—
O, may I learn, with steadfast trust though meek,
Direction, guidance, light, of Him to seek;
And, when His counsel shines upon my heart,
Therein to walk, and never thence depart!

Blest power of prayer! in that most awful day,
When life declines, and earth fleets fast away;
When the receding soul requires some stay,
To bear her up in Nature's sad decay;
Where shall she turn, on what blest hope rely,
But cling through help of thee to Him who reigns on high?
How oft through this have saints been known to prove
A strength in death, which tortures could not move!
How oft have pure confessors thus defied
Hell's pangs, and victors more than victims died!

The multitude prevail; with one accord
They rush upon the servant of the Lord;

Black vengeance in their hearts, stones
in their hands,
They crush the holy martyr where he
stands:
He, meekly bending, with unaltered eye,
While thousand angry fates about him
fly,
Regardless of the pain his limbs that
rends,
His soul to Christ in placid faith com-
mends:
His peace thus made, his spirit thus
composed,
He turns his thoughts to those who
round him closed;
And rendering love for malice, prayer
for hate,
"Their sin, O Lord," he cries, "thy
grace abate:"
Then, fraught with glory from the realms
of light, [his flight,
To which in heart he wings even now

And, full of the reward he there will
reap,
In Jesu's arms he calmly falls asleep.

Who would not die a death so sweet, so
blest?
Who would not sink in praise and prayer
to rest?—
Let this, my soul, be still thy wish and
aim,
By the same faith to gain an end the
same:
Be fixed my latest look upon the skies,
My parting breath in adoration rise;
And, when my spirit from its chains is
riven,
May it ascend, and find a home in
heaven!

But while we sojourn in this world of
gloom,
Regret, and fear, is our appointed doom;

We feel as pilgrims, who delightless roam
Through alien climes, and never seem at home.
Yet here, even here, we hold communion sweet,
By faith and hope, with our loved, native seat;
And, when the heart is wrapped in fervent prayer,
We almost deem we breathe in heavenly air:
Earth and its sorrows all are cast behind,
And God and bliss alone engage the mind.
So when the Saviour, in that abject day,
While yet in flesh his Godhead shrouded lay,
To Tabor's lonely height, from public view [drew,
For secret worship with the three with-
Even as he knelt, and all his spirit poured
In deep devotion to his Sire and Lord,

A change passed o'er him, and his form
and face
With light immortal glowed, and heavenly
grace :
Prophets of elder times, in God-like
sheen,
Came down, and shed a radiance o'er
the scene ;
And such a glorious spectacle was given,
As heaven had stooped to earth, or earth
were changed to heaven.

Thrice-blessed prayer ! who knows thy
healing power,
O'er him no fears can hang, no darkness
lower :
Of sovereign force thou bring'st a ready
balm, [calm :
That outward bane, or inward care can
Sustained by thee, the wretch forgets his
pain, [again :
And dull Despondence learns to hope

Where thou abid'st, no more can vice
beguile;
And at thy voice Remorse and Anguish
smile.

What sins are his!—how deeply stained
his heart
With crimes that bid the firmest con-
science start!
How shall he hope his guilty head to
hide
From Him whose Son so oft he crucified!
Alas! no doom is left him but despair;
No place for penitence, no heart for
prayer.
Three days he sat, with sullen grief op-
pressed,
Three days he fasted, and refused all
rest;
At length a gleam of light began to ope,
He felt, though plunged in guilt, there
yet was hope;

That Christ, whose faith and name to scorn he gave,
Had poured his soul, the lost like him to save:
To Him he turned with groans and bitter tears,
And sought release from all he feels and fears;
To Him he scorned the scoffer bowed for aid,
The persecutor to his Victim prayed!
O, what a sight for angels to explore;—
The proud abased, the foe constrained to' adore!
Loud hallelujahs through heaven's concave rise,
The voice of laud and triumph fills the skies:
"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,"
With saints and seraphs in their blissful bowers,

Strike their sweet lyres, their tuneful voices raise;
In one full burst of rapture and of praise;
And still from lyre and voice these strains resound—
"The dead's alive again, the lost is found;"
The fell avenger hath forsworn his ire,
Blind zeal no longer sets his soul on fire;
The power of grace at length hath beamed within,
And now he sees, and he deplores his sin:
Tears of repentance from his eyelids start,
Blest sighs of true contrition heave his heart;
The cross he spurned, he seeks with wistful gaze,
And, stretched before it, lo! he prays, he prays!

To wondering earth the joyful tidings spread,
Refreshing hearts before with terror dead;
Through field and city straight the message flies;
The plain repeats it, and the hill replies:
"The foe who came, the church's scourge and rod,
Is now a chosen vessel of our God;
His hate is cast away, the wrath assuaged
With which against our brethren erst he raged;
O'er his hard heart the Spirit's melting rays
With power have beamed, and, lo! he prays, he prays!"

TO MY LYRE.

—

"Quis locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo
Vexant———
Pectora vestra, duas non admittentia curas?"
Juvenal.

—

Farewell, my lyre, thy wakeful task is done!
And now, companions long, we part awhile:
O'er many a varied theme thy notes have run,
And moved in equal turn the tear and smile.

To Friendship's touch thy willing chords have rung;
The sigh of ardent love has fired thy lays;
Flowers, Music, War, and Death thy voice hath sung,
And swelled its breath in pure Religion's praise.

Yet well I ween to polished ears and
wise
Thy artless tones will sound uncouth
and tame :
The harsh will censure, and the proud
despise [frame.
The feeble spirit that pervades thy

For thee with soft regard no heart will
beat, [cheer :
No friendly voice thy rude adventure
But scorn or cold neglect thy strains
will greet— [sneer.
Rebuke thy meed, thy best reward a

They little know what clouds of grief
and gloom
Hung o'er thy path, and damped thy
kindling flame ; [doom,
What pain and labour marred thy early
What scoffers turned thy generous
pride to shame.

Unapt the heart which crosses sharp consume [song;
To wake the raptures of the stirring
Where chill Despondence wastes the cheek's young bloom,
The Muse disdains her visits to prolong.

The soul must stand remote from vulgar care, [her own;
Which she delights to bless, and make
No sad perplexing thoughts must rankle there, [alone.
But all be given to peace and Her

But me, ere youth's first flowers were fully blown,
Hard fate required precocious fruit to bring, [sown,
My boyish breast with thorny cares was
And Autumn pressed upon the steps of Spring.

As age matured, still sterner duties came,
And nights in watching, days in toil were worn ;
Till paled away by slow degrees the flame
The Muse had breathed, and left my soul forlorn.

What wonder, then, my hand unequal swept [lected lyre,
Thy trembling strings, my poor neg-
Or that the buoyant spirit sometimes slept, aspire ?
Which might have bid sublimer strains

Be banished far each dark foreboding thought— [aim,
Where pure the object, laudable the
Though flag success below the height it sought, [blame.
The good will pardon, and the just not

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